The Perverted Preach Back

[Plot: A Domme and her submissive (married couple) have to fight a clique of Zoomer Evangelical Pastors to save their local fetish club from being taken over and turned into an extension of a mega church.]
Charecters:
- Flourine (Flouri) Dinamita Soplamoco
- Chlorine (Chlori) Awebao Soplamoco (took her wife's last Name)
- Father Cain
- Father Iscariot

Note: brief intimate scenes ahead you have been warned!

1: Those Rooms Where Dreams Come True

The room echoed with the *schlick schlack schlack* of wet, gentle, and strategic kisses hitting a lover's soft lips. "Such a good little toy" cooed Chlori to her lover. "You're such a good little toy for mommy, yes you're mommy's favorite and only toy". Her lover was sitting in between her legs as she was holding her face like a little puppy looking with beading eyes. Chlori smiled and kissed her deeper without hesitation leaving her lover a panting sweaty mess. Her lover Fluorine was burning up inside from the sheer passion of being devoured by her wife, it was pure bliss.

Then a *knock knock knock* was heard and a *thick* New York accent could be heard: "Ay Miss Dinamita! We need you again fo' tudays meetin'" said a co-worker, she responded with an assertive "coming!" Which echoed throughout the room. It was time for her to do her true job.

Being a Union organizer for her local community research organization, so now the real work would begin. Chlorine gave a big wet kiss to her lover and got ready to Agitate, Educate, and Organize!

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Now, Fluorine's real job began: ensuring that *The Secret Seraphim's Eucharist Club* was running its annual *Femme vestiti, Nudus masculus* party or, a clothed female naked male party. Her set up was simple: distribute the lubricants, contraceptives, and accessories needed for the parties private rooms were all up to date and in order. It was a tasking endeavor going into each of the different 10 rooms, then checking expiration dates on bottles of lube and contraceptives plus replacing the out of date ones, and strenuously cleaning and changing every inch of gear that anyone could ever dream of to use! But, Fluorine was and is the one and only trusted cleaner according to her wife. "Those 4 years of maid training weren't for nothing!" She repeated to herself as she put various sex swings into a washing machine and meticulously cleaned every inch of any dildo, vibrator, or beads in sight. Fluorine recalled her training regiment that Chlorine had put her through to ensure that she was worthy of being her wife. It was four years of learning to clean any room spotless before her owner would even allow her the *thought* of having an orgasm, it was perfect chastity without a physical cage attached "Clean for me, Care for yourself even when I'm not around, and if you must pleasure yourself then do it knowing that I would want the same for you even if you can't push yourself to do so" then Flourine remembered that final heavy hitter spoken to her "But, *you may only orgasm when I allow you to within my presence and I will call the shots to when you get to release".* By the time Fluorine finished reminiscing about how she and her wife came to be, she was finally done cleaning all of those 10 rooms and she went to the bedroom where they slept together, grabbed her "Emergency Masturbatory Orgasmic Safety" towel and placed it on her wife's side of the bed and rewarded herself with relief. She spasmed with a violent rigor and cleaned herself up

putting the towel to wash and cuddled her body pillow in the meantime awaiting her wife's return from work. The Secret Seraphim's Eucharist Club was finally ready for its event of holy debauchery.

2: No Hate Like Christian Love

"Please take a seat" echoed a rusty intercom, the room was sweltering and the 6 old fans for every 5 families weren't helping. A modern sleek iPhone was set up aimed straight at the stage feeding a live video of an empty space but, behind it was a sweaty, gross mess of bodies full of musk and grime. But, then came *Father Cain. He was* a young man of at least 5'8 with a stubble of facial hair surrounding him and wearing an eyepatch. It wasn't that he was *blind* (at least not fully) but, he believed it to be divine punishment from his lord and savior for the eternal sins created by his forefathers. He gave a sly grin to the iPhone camera as cross and heart emoticons flooded the streams chat. Then he spoke in a hoarsely voice full of rage when he spoke to a crowd. Today's sermons would go no different.

As the slideshow played he began to speak as if commanding an army of warriors saying "In Genesis 3:14 God said to the *serpent* that you have done this curse upon all life! That you shall eat dust all your life above all wild animals!" The crowd cheered with seas of "Amen's" and "God bless" roared from the crowd. The Priest looked at the camera as emojis and texts rapidly spread across the stream live, he was doing good. But, he continued "God threw shade at his creation and said, I shall put *hate* between you and the woman! It's cringe to defy me you cretin!" He looked at the crowd filled with bones waiting for harvest as they all cheered with vigorous applause and laughters of joy. Father Cain continued "God said to unalive the man who dares *glaze* the voice of his pick-me wife! For the *girlboss* is at fault for all the bruh

moments of men and civilization!” The women of the parish roared and howled like angry beasts at the mere thought that one of their own created this infliction of this *pain.* He ended the sermon on a haunting note: “God sent all of you to be locked tf in on his *retribution* against humanity to enact and *preserve his righteousness* against all those who are opps to his wishes! **Go forth and enact your repentance upon those who refuse to see the almighty Christ’s love! Go forth and enact your revenge upon them!** Before he left the church he said in a monotonous corporate tone to “Don’t forget to donate to our church and use code L0VE for half off at any purchase as a discount, share our livestreams, *and remember God loves all of his children!”* With that he left the church and row by row the followers left with hatred ready in their hearts.

3: Indulgence Fee

Father Cain was sitting inside the vicarage of the church, on the inside was a pristine living room with four little bedrooms and bathrooms on the sides of the house for all the other priests to stay in. Then a *knock* was at the door, “hello holy sigmas! How are our plans going?” It was Father Iscariot as he was inquiring, he was a slim man no taller than two skinny greyhound dogs standing on top of eachother, in other words he was a giant, his skin shined bright like cinnamon having a light blue tinge to his eyes and a soft smile but, behind it was a malevolent spirit. One that sprouted and reaped through the church. He looked down at father Cain giving a sly smirk before explaining to him “The Lord has sent his army marching and joining our way! The pamphlet and stickering operation that we sent the students and families to do for us is a PR victory! We have very little to worry about in smothering those sinners with the righteous love of god!” Father Cain was excited about this information a little faint glint in his eyes was present “Hallelujah and thank the Lord heavens for your work Father Iscariot! I knew putting those

stickering and pamphlet assignments to those kids as extra credits was a brilliant idea! We truly are quiverfull, in no time we'll be able to storm that den of unsightly sinners and eminent domain them!" The two priests gave a hearty laugh of their plans and began strategizing how they'd up the pressure to eradicate that *unholy* Eucharist club.

4: Reddit, Am I The Asshole?

[this section is where Chlorine at her job as a community researcher has to assist with a labor dispute between the laboratories submissives and their mistress on a project]

Chlorine walked onto an empty college building. She was wearing a neat sleek black dress, covering just enough of her body to protect her from the elements but, having a zipper on the side that would gradually close the dress near her legs. She's a member of the *Christ Collective* an autonomous research group run by volunteers. It was originally ran as an underground militant group of Catholics fighting off attempted right-wing takeovers of student governments, administrative positions, and district rulings in the early 1900s, its history was muddy and complex like Father Ramenthal an avowed liberation theologist and priest who had always advocated for and participated in non-violent protests and sit-ins year-round as a way to "Pacify hatred and lead those astray back to sanity with empathy, love, and compassion like the lord and his holy son advocated for". But, that was when there was still a glimmer of *hope* in those who could be convinced. Father Ramenthal however, had a change of heart when people started disappearing, it was on the news that many people irregardless of status legal resident, visa holders, students, Muslims, Jews, Catholics were all being shipped away from the so-called "Freedom land" were being black bagged by government agents, far-right paramilitaries, and wackjob conspiracy theorists given police powers to send dissidents to various supermax prisons in central and Latin America.

Because of this history of violence, this space on the campus was fairly important to Chlorine because *Father Ramenthal* was her grandfather. He played a fairly significant role in the woman's upbringing teaching her how to fire guns as a teenager as a bonding hobby, taking her out every weekend to assist the poor and needy secure food, clothing, and shelter for the cold nights at church, and every Sunday night they'd read 1 chapter of the Bible together and discuss it.

However, Chlorine's trance was broken by footsteps entering a booth. "Oh fuck" she muttered to herself, she needed to interview some of the unions submissives due to a labor dispute between them and their mistress. This would take some time but she was ready. With no hesitation holding her back she stepped into the other side of the confessional booth and began to listen.

She spoke softly, like she was comforting a crying child when she asked "Hello there dear friend, what troubles you today?" She said calmly awaiting a response.

The interaction(s) went like this:
Submissive 1's claim: Our Domme (F42) keeps on insisting that me and the other submissives (F23 me, M20, NB25) aren't able to form a union because allegedly this violates the previous contract that we signed but, upon re-reading it there is no clause showing that we do not have an entitlement to unionize or that we aren't entitled to the means of our sexual labor.

Are we the assholes here? Please answer below.

But, before Chlorine was able to respond the person on the other side had left. This left her dumbfounded. Still she continued as she heard another set of footsteps enter. “Yes my friend?” She asked softly, trying to hide her shock at what just happened in front of her.

Submissive 2’s claim: Our Domme (F42) keeps on insisting that I (M20) must clean her toilet using a toothbrush and household cleaning items as means of ensuring her sexual gratification. However the other submissives in the group (F23, NB25) don’t have to do such menial labor for her and if anything have it much easier. Yesterday I snapped and demanded that I be given a more meaningful and honest task like cleaning her sex toys but, when I did so she threatened to put me in a chastity cage for 1 year! Recently me and the other submissives have attempted to form a union to represent us but she claims that this violates the contract that we all signed.

Are we the assholes for wanting to resist her and seeking representation?

Again the same thing happened! Chlorine had her head in her hands before trying to answer before *another* set of footsteps erupted her train of thought. She gave a brief sigh before saying, more agitated this time “Y..es my friend?”

Submissive 3’s claim: our domme (F42) keeps on insisting that we put ourselves through chastity for at least 1 year maximum without any orgasms not touching of our egregious zones unless it’s for cleaning and bodily function purposes. I (NB25) have tried to negotiate this punishment with something that’s more reasonable but, our dominant refuses to listen to reason and threaten us with harsher punishments!

Are we wrong for trying to resist?

Chlorine gave up on even trying to respond to this one, by the time she was able to answer a completely different person had shown up.

Chlorine just sighed as the person on the other end began to speak.

Dominatrix: My submissives (M20, F23, NB25) refuse to do as I please and keep insisting that they should have a worker's union! Don't get me wrong yes they signed a contract and yes I do make them do plenty of tasks for my own gratification but, I *feel* like they're LARPing too hard! What about *me?!* I wrote their contracts and said if they don't comply then they are forced to be into chastity! What am I doing wrong?? Don't have rights as a dominatrix to control my submissives?!

Reddit am I the Asshole?

"YTA" Chlorine responded and with those 3 letters she could hear a woman screaming and crying bloody murder about how she's the real victim and how she should be able to control her submissives, all the while she was ignored until she simply became quiet and left upon realizing she'd get little to no responses.

Just as she was about to exit the confession booth she heard another unfamiliar voice.

It spoke: "Let's say for the sake of argument that in theory I have planted various bombs throughout the church right across the street to where you live so we- I mean I can take over your house and community space through expropriation or eminent domain if necessary. What would you do?"

Chlorine laughed and simply said “What the fuck are you on about?”

“That’s an ad hominem attack” the voice responded and swiftly left the room without another word uttered.

Chlorine immediately whipped out her phone and texted her wife with the following message: Hey love, I need you to snoop around the church for me! Allegedly someone has planted bombs and I would like you to check just in case! xoxo love you!

4: Inside Job

[in the tune of Weezer’s Waiting on You]

(Father Iscariot: Verse 1)
When will it be my time?
To break the bread and
Drink the Blood?
When were you intending to sit down and tell me the rapture has come?

(Father Iscariot: pre-chorus)
I am the loneliest of soldiers
But, now is the loneliest of life, oh yeah!
We’re 30 days late but I still sit and pray, oh!

(Father Iscariot and Father Cain)

Praying and waiting,

Praying and waiting,

Praying and waiting,

Praying for you!

(Father Iscariot: Verse 2)

What made you abandon all of the blueprints that I made?

Bet its all waste

When, will it be our turn?

For day of the Rope?

For our Christian Nation together?

(Father Iscariot: pre-chorus)

I am the loneliest of soldiers

But, now is the loneliest of life, oh yeah!

We’re 30 days late but, i still sit and pray, oh!

(Father Iscariot and Father Cain)

Praying and waiting,

Praying and waiting,

Praying and waiting,

Praying for you!

Praying and waiting

Praying and waiting

You’ve got me praying

Praying for you!

(Father Iscariot crying, outro)

I asked you if I had a holy heart!

You answered, “Yes you’re on the path of god”

I asked you if I had a holy heart!

You answered, “Yes you’re on the path of god”

5: Investigations and confirmation

Dear diary, yesterday a catastrophe was prevented, my wife has asked me to investigate wether or not some bombs were placed at and around the premises of a local church. I knew the people who lived and went there were freaks but, not to this extent. I was able to find one and a few other bombs and got rid of them. I asked a local to help me check the rest of the premise just to make sure none were checked. However we had gotten caught blowing them up in the back yard just as the pastors walked in. They were furious but, by sheer luck unarmed so me and my wife who had heard the explosion and came running just kicked them a bit, just enough for them to fall and dry heave but, not enough to bruise. After a bit we decided we’d make them a public display on the St. Andrew’s Cross holding a big sign showing their plans, and had the party go smoothly with little to no interruptions. All the locals were at the very least appalled by what the church was planning and were happy to have done something about it.